# Begin

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# Begin

by rosiex


Summary

In which Yoongi & Jeongguk are all worked up after their phone call, Jeongguk scars his hyungs for life, and it's opening night of their tour.

ngl 5k of this is purely smut.


Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Jeongguk blinks his eyes open, taking a few moments to remember that he's not in his own room. He rolls onto his back, giving into the urge to yawn widely as he blearily searches for his phone somewhere among the covers. He knows it's here somewhere; he distinctly remembers waking up earlier this morning and lazily watching some Webtoons on it before apparently falling back to sleep again. His hand pats down the bed before he feels the smooth touch of the phone. Jeongguk opens it up and lifts it in front of his face. His phone tells him that it's 11am. 11am and he's still in bed. This is the life. He's starting to dread their return to their schedules tomorrow after this much needed break.

He takes the opportunity to reread Yoongi's messages to him last night and he can't help but smile. His smile grows even wider when he remembers their phone call. The way Yoongi spoke, his voice low and so full of want, the things he said- Jeongguk shakes his head a little as though physically trying to shift the thoughts from his mind. He knows where that path is going to lead him. He twists onto his side, burying his face into the pillow. He inhales deeply, trying to tell himself that it's in no way to do with the fact that the faintest trace of Yoongi's scent lingers on the fabric of the pillow case. He's not sure he entirely believes himself.

He gives his phone one last glance, slightly sad not to have received any messages from Yoongi this morning. It feels odd not to wake up to the now obligatory morning video of Holly. Jeongguk doesn't dwell on it too much however. He'll be seeing Yoongi this afternoon anyway. He tosses his phone onto the floor and closes his eyes, determined to make the most of his last entirely free day for the next few months. He can tell from the light peeking in from the edge of the blinds that it's likely a beautiful day outside but getting up and actually enjoying it seems like far too much of an effort right now.

Jeongguk's caught in that hazy limbo between wake and sleep when he vaguely registers the sound of the bedroom door opening and something heavy dropping on the floor. He squints over in the direction of the noise, not quite taking it in when he sees Yoongi standing there, quietly closing the door behind him. Jeongguk rubs at his face, forcing his eyes to open more as he fully takes in what he's seeing

"Still intent on stealing my bed I see," Yoongi drawls, and Jeongguk doesn't need to see him to hear the smirk in his voice. He does see it though, and it makes Jeongguk's insides swirl pleasurably.

Jeongguk props himself up on one elbow, his eyes still heavy with sleep, though the sight of Yoongi is quickly reviving him. He runs his free hand through his hair trying to smooth down the strands that are no doubt sticking up everywhere. The action makes the covers fall down his chest a little bit and Jeongguk catches the way that Yoongi's gaze almost imperceptibly drops slightly lower at the glimpse of exposed skin.

"I thought you said you weren't back until this afternoon," Jeongguk says, his voice somewhat scratchy still.

"You must have remembered wrong," Yoongi tells him.

Jeongguk however, despite his tiredness, distinctly remembers Yoongi telling him that he'd be back at 4pm but he doesn't argue the point. Getting to spend more time with Yoongi today is the best kind of surprise to wake up to.

"Yeah, I must have," Jeongguk tells him, although his voice lacks any real conviction. Yoongi still hovers by the door, his gaze not leaving Jeongguk. Jeongguk shifts over in the bed, folding back the covers to create an inviting space next to him. "Come and join me?

"You're inviting me into my own bed?" Yoongi says, tone unimpressed. "I should really kick you out you know."

Regardless of his threat, Yoongi starts to unbutton his shirt. Jeongguk grins, eyes transfixed by the way that Yoongi's fingers work the buttons. He's seen Yoongi undress plenty of times but never has it felt so frustratingly slow as it does right now. Jeongguk shifts impatiently under the covers and he swears that Yoongi starts taking his time even more after that. Finally Yoongi's shirt falls to the floor, his jeans thankfully following with relative speed after that.

Once Yoongi gets into bed Jeongguk's arm instantly slides around his waist, tugging the elder close as Yoongi's own arm mirrors him. Their mouths meet easily, lips parting instinctively to allow for their tongues to soon set up a soft, wet glide together. Their bodies press closer as they kiss, hot and deep, the need clear in both of them. Last night may have brought some relief but it's been far too long since they've been able to be intimate like this. There's just something about the feel of Yoongi's bare skin against his own and Jeongguk arches into it. Yoongi is warm, his skin holding onto the heat of the sun from outside. Jeongguk brings their chests nearer, his legs tangling with Yoongi's as they get even closer.

"I missed you," Jeongguk tells him, words just about whispered against his lips before Yoongi's claiming his mouth in another kiss.

Like last night, Jeongguk feels a little embarrassed about admitting such a thing, especially given the minimal time that they've actually spent apart. But it's true though and now that Yoongi's here, back with him much quicker than expected, Jeongguk can't really help but let the words slip out. Yoongi doesn't answer straight away but Jeongguk feels himself getting pushed onto his back, Yoongi covering his body with his own. Jeongguk's arms automatically wrap around Yoongi's back, holding him close as they keep kissing,

"Missed you too," Yoongi eventually murmurs, pulling back just enough to speak before immediately licking back into the heat of Jeongguk's mouth.

Jeongguk's hands start to travel across Yoongi's back as they lose themselves in the deep, needy rush of the kiss. His body writhes under Yoongi's, loving the way Yoongi feels pressed down into him. Jeongguk's getting hard already and it turns him on even more when he feels that Yoongi's in the same situation. Yoongi's hips roll down into his, making Jeongguk gasp lightly into the kiss at the sensation. His hands slide down to Yoongi's ass, helping to bring their waists closer together. Yoongi groans softly at the action, his own hand dropping down to grip underneath Jeongguk's thigh. Jeongguk immediately hooks that leg around Yoongi, allowing for Yoongi to grind down even harder into him.

"Shit," he sighs, the kiss breaking as his head sinks back into the pillow.

He's so turned on and it seems like Yoongi is too from the way that he rubs their hips together. Yoongi's mouth drops to his neck, mouthing eagerly at the flushed skin there. Jeongguk lifts a hand to card into Yoongi's hair, making sure to keep him there as his lips set about working up Jeongguk even further with the small, concentrated licks and sucks along the length of his neck. Jeongguk's other hand stays firmly on Yoongi's ass, guiding the hard rhythm of their bodies against each other. God, he's so ready for more; to feel Yoongi inside of him, to be so thoroughly fucked by the elder.

"Was so hard last night thinking about this," Yoongi breathes against his neck. "About you."

His words produce a low whimper in Jeongguk, the desire so clear in

Yoongi's voice that it makes Jeongguk feel like his insides have all turned to liquid and pooled in the very pit of his stomach. He arches up into Yoongi, loving the way it makes Yoongi pant a little louder against into his skin. He really needs for them to both not be in their underwear right now but at the same time he can't bring himself to break the heated roll of their hips just yet.

"Me too," Jeongguk tells him, words catching on a quiet moan before continuing. "Wanted you here with me so badly."

Yoongi's mouth is suddenly crashing into his own again and Jeongguk immediately slips his tongue between Yoongi's lips. Jeongguk feels like every inch of his skin is prickling with a burning need for him and it's making his head spin. They kiss, almost a little frantic with passion, and it gets a bit sloppy but it's still amazing. Jeongguk near enough whines when Yoongi breaks the kiss but then Jeongguk sees him start to trail his lips down his chest and any protests die out very fast.

"What would you have wanted to do if I was here?" Yoongi asks as his teeth graze against Jeongguk's nipple.

Yoongi's body is shifting down the bed and Jeongguk instantly misses the friction, but his toes scrunch into the covers in anticipation of what is potentially to come next and he just goes with it. He almost forgets to answer Yoongi's question, especially when he's so focused on watching the way that Yoongi's mouth presses against his stomach, on how incredible it is that he gets to see Yoongi like this, Jeongguk's legs either side of his as he gets lavished with attention.

"Fuck me," Jeongguk eventually grunts out, and he's not entirely sure if he's stating what he wanted last night or requesting for it to happen now. He clarifies a little. "Thought about you fucking me."

"Yeah?" Yoongi replies, sounding ridiculously turned on.

Jeongguk however doesn't fail to notice however the almost shy smile that flickers over Yoongi's lips, apparently more than pleased by the response, and the mixture of sweet and hot in the elder makes Jeongguk's chest feel unbearably tight.

"Yes," Jeongguk breathes out. "Wanted it so much."

Yoongi's fingers slide up under the leg of Jeongguk's underwear, tantalisingly close but not near enough to where Jeongguk's aching to be touched right now. Yoongi's mouth latches onto Jeongguk's

hipbone, sucking at a spot just above the waistband of his underwear. Yoongi's other hand smooths down over Jeongguk's thigh, stilling the writhing caused by the teasing that he's doing right now. Yoongi's lips pull away though they still hover above the same spot, his breath fluttering against the damp patch left on Jeongguk's hip. Jeongguk sees him swallow hard.

"Will you show me?"

Jeongguk doesn't quite know what he means. Yoongi's just looking down at Jeongguk's stomach, giving nothing away. "Show you?"

"Yeah," Yoongi says, voice suddenly a lot softer, almost sounding embarrassed if it wasn't for the desire evident in there too. He still doesn't manage to look up. "Show me how you touched yourself thinking about us."

Jeongguk's heart races as Yoongi's request sinks in. He so badly wants to be touched by Yoongi right now, to feel those long fingers wrap around his cock, maybe even his mouth sliding down on him. His lips are *so* near. Jeongguk feels like touching himself is almost a little anti-climatic; it's Yoongi that he craves, Yoongi that he needs. He's clearly taking too long to respond as Yoongi's eyes flicker up to meet with his own. There's traces of shyness in his gaze, of anxiousness as though he's asked for something that he shouldn't. But underneath all that he looks at Jeongguk with such a hunger, like there's nothing more he'd love right now than to watch Jeongguk do this, and to know how much Yoongi wants it makes it suddenly seem kind of hot.

"Sorry, if it makes you uncomfortable, you don't-" Yoongi starts to say, quickly reaching the conclusion that Jeongguk hates the idea.

"Sit up," Jeongguk encourages, cutting him off.

Yoongi blinks a few times before a wide, happy smile graces his lips, and it's distinctly at odds with what's happening but it makes Jeongguk feel the biggest surge of affection towards him. Yoongi shuffles down the bed a little, kneeling between Jeongguk's legs. His hand rubs over Jeongguk's calf and Jeongguk can't help but let his gaze drop to just how hard Yoongi is, clearly straining against the tight material of his underwear. Jeongguk's eyes travel over the rest of him. His slim but still masculine body, his face, flushed and so handsome that it still makes Jeongguk breathless. His hair that clings to his forehead, almost falling into his eyes that don't stop watching Jeongguk. Jeongguk takes it all in and god, he's so fucking in love

with Yoongi that it's almost painful. He truly has no idea how he's ended up with someone like him.

Yoongi leans down, pressing his lips to where his fingers just were on Jeongguk's calf. His lips drag up to the inside of Jeongguk's knee, brushing over him before latching onto the delicate skin of Jeongguk's inner thigh. He sucks lightly at a sensitive spot, eyes fluttering closed. Jeongguk wants to run his hand through Yoongi's messy hair, wants to run his fingers along his jawline, but he remembers what he's meant to be doing. He inhales deeply and edges his hand beneath the waistband of his underwear.

He gasps quietly as his hand wraps around his cock. It's not Yoongi's hand like he wanted but it's still so good, fingers tightening around himself and relieving some of that heavy ache of arousal. His eyes fall shut momentarily as he lets the sensation flow through him, his hand starting to stroke his length slowly in the confines of his underwear. He feels a sharp nip from Yoongi's teeth that gets his eyes opening again. Yoongi's kneeling back up and looking at Jeongguk like he's never seen anything better, and it makes a small noise of want slip from Jeongguk's throat just from Yoongi's look alone.

He feels a little awkward at first being under such scrutiny from Yoongi, a bit uncertain as though not entirely sure that he's doing it right. That this is enough; that Yoongi's enjoying it. But Yoongi wets his lips, his own palm pressing against the front of his underwear. Jeongguk can see the way his breath stutters, can see how Yoongi's eyes become hooded as he watches. The fingers of his other hand ghost across Jeongguk's thigh, teasing just beneath the leg of his underwear as his eyes stay fixed on the minute movements of Jeongguk's hand beneath the fabric.

"Fuck," he whispers, voice so soft it's almost inaudible.

His gaze travels upwards, roaming slowly over Jeongguk's chest before meeting his eyes. He sees Yoongi swallow thickly, lips parting as he keeps keeps looking at the younger. Jeongguk flushes with warmth from not only the lust but also the adoration that Yoongi looks at him with. Jeongguk loves how Yoongi makes him feel, like he's truly so special. He's always been fawned over by the other members but with Yoongi he feels the affection on a much deeper level. He tilts his chin up a little but it's enough for Yoongi to get the hint. He leans in, bringing their lips together in a tender yet passionate kiss, their tongues sliding together, soft and wet and slow.

"Yoongi," Jeongguk breathes against his lips.

Yoongi's fingers cup his jaw softly as he pulls back slightly, only to bring their mouths together once, twice more. Their tongues meet again briefly before Yoongi's pressing a kiss to the corner of Jeongguk's lips then dropping down to his chest. He kisses down his side then to his stomach. Yoongi's fingers hook into the waistband of Jeongguk's underwear, kneeling up in order to carefully slide them down. Yoongi tugs them down his thighs, over his calves before dropping them to the floor. Jeongguk's hand had stilled during the kissing but now that Yoongi's watching him again he starts up his slick, languid slide once more without anything obstructing the view. Jeongguk bites down on his lip as a ripple of pleasure travels through him.

"So gorgeous," Yoongi murmurs, fingers brushing over his hipbone.

Yoongi's comment settles deep in Jeongguk's chest, the happiness it brings spreading throughout him. He smiles, a touch bashful from the compliment, and the faint line of a smile appears on Yoongi's face too, cheeks darkening in colour in a way that Jeongguk thinks might not be to do with how warm it is right now. Jeongguk doesn't quite know what to say so he says nothing, content instead with holding Yoongi's gaze as he keeps moving his hand on himself. He can hear just how shaky Yoongi's breathing is, can sense the way that Yoongi's knees shift on the covers as the elder traces the outline of his cock through his underwear. It makes Jeongguk gasp softly, especially when it coincides with the way his own fingers tighten ever so slightly on the next stroke.

"Take them off," Jeongguk says quietly, not said so much as an order but more of a request. "Please."

Yoongi runs his palm over the fabric once more before obliging Jeongguk and tugging his underwear down and off, casting it to the side to join Jeongguk's on the floor. Yoongi's so hard and it makes Jeongguk's breath catch in his throat at the sight. Jeongguk's hand speeds up a little, a low moan spilling from his lips as Yoongi wraps his fingers around his length, eyes never leaving Jeongguk. For a moment all that can be heard is the quiet, soft sound of both of their hands and Jeongguk finds it a lot more arousing than he expected. He wants Yoongi so badly and he still aches to feel the elder inside him, but this slow teasing, the gradual build up; well, he's kind of loving it too.

"It turned me on so much to imagine you like this last night," Yoongi tells him, ducking down to press his lips to Jeongguk's thigh. Most likely, Jeongguk thinks, as a way to avoid direct eye contact as he talks. "How you'd look thinking about us."

"Hope the real thing doesn't - *ah* - disappoint," Jeongguk replies, any teasing tone quickly drowned out by the pleasure that seeps into his voice.

"So much better," Yoongi answers, and it's clear from the deep, raspy scratch of his words that it's not a lie. "Fuck, I have no idea how I got so lucky."

Jeongguk groans lowly from Yoongi's words, twisting his wrist a little as he strokes himself that bit faster. He can feel his cock throbbing in his hand, feel how hot and heavy he is from having Yoongi watch him like this. He needs him so much. He's enjoying this no end but it's been *so long* since Yoongi's been inside of him and he can't take his eyes off of how good Yoongi looks, fingers moving slow and deliberate back and forth over his length. Jeongguk wants to feel him but he doesn't want to stop watching either and his body writhes against the covers, caught between his desires.

"Yoongi," he sighs, almost dissolving into a soft whimper because god, he just *need*s him right now.

An expression of pure desire flickers over Yoongi's face, looking almost pained for a moment from how much he wants Jeongguk. He notices how Yoongi's hand speeds up too and it causes a quiet moan to escape Jeongguk. He's not really aware of what he's doing, just knows that he needs Yoongi inside him but Yoongi seems far too preoccupied, and his own hand leaves his cock, dipping far lower than it usually travels.

"Kook," Yoongi whispers, a strange mixture of startled and aroused. His jaw goes slack, eyes turning glazed as Jeongguk's fingertip grazes across his entrance, but then he seems to quickly snap back into a more focused headspace. "Baby, please don't do anything you're not comfortable with."

His voice is disarmingly gentle, breaking some of the lust-filled haze that seems to have filled the room. Jeongguk knows that he's remembering comments from a while ago; when Yoongi had suggested to prep him by doing what Jeongguk would do to himself. It had made Jeongguk feels embarrassed and awkward to admit that he had never

done it to himself, to show up more of his inexperience, but Yoongi had been totally understanding. It calmed Jeongguk then and it does so now, making his cheeks heat a little from the thought of how much Yoongi continues to care for him.

"I-I want to," Jeongguk tells him.

It's not a lie. He wants to do it for Yoongi; he saw the excitement flicker in his eyes just now as Jeongguk's hand dropped lower. But he wants to try it for himself too. It's not that he's adverse to doing it, but he's never really seen the need when handjobs are perfectly adequate and far easier. Though in all honesty, it's more the fact that he feels like he won't really know what he's doing, and why bother doing something potentially unsatisfactorily when he knows what he's good at.

"You're sure?" Yoongi checks.

"Yes," Jeongguk nods. "Though I don't really- I mean I never-"

Yoongi cuts off his rambling. "I know, don't worry," Yoongi assures him. "You can take your time. Just as long as you're sure you want to-"

"I want to," Jeongguk repeats, words quick and breathy.

Yoongi breaks out into a warm, giddy smile and near enough clambers up the bed to reach the drawer where he keeps the lube, grabbing the bottle and settling back between Jeongguk's legs. It makes the younger grin, Yoongi's enthusiasm paired with his overwhelming desire for Jeongguk's comfort causing his insides to become a huge mess of emotions that he tries not to focus on too fully right now. The frantic,heady rush of passion from a few minutes ago has morphed into something slower, more sedate, but Jeongguk's not complaining. If things had continued the way they were, this would all have been over far too quickly.

Yoongi takes hold of Jeongguk's hand as he pops open the cap of the bottle with the other. Jeongguk straightens his fingers as Yoongi sets about liberally coating them in the liquid, probably with a bit more than is actually necessary. Yoongi's palm very gently pushes against the inside of Jeongguk's knee, pressing his bent leg down into the mattress so that he's spread a little wider. Jeongguk can hear his breathing get that bit deeper, a slight tremble to it as he watches Jeongguk.

"Just start with one," Yoongi says softly.

It's not like Jeongguk is completely naive when it comes to the process. Hell, he's been prepped by Yoongi enough times to know how things work and he's even had his fingers inside of Yoongi before, even though that did feel a bit like he was just moving them around and wishing for the best. He knows the fundamentals, but it's actually using his fingers to make Yoongi - or now himself - feel good that he lacks the skills in. He feels like when Yoongi's fingers work him he knows just the right way to move, how deep to go and when to stretch, and Jeongguk once again feels woefully inadequate at this.

Even though it's obvious to only start with one finger he doesn't snap any retort back at Yoongi. Not when he is taking such care in making sure Jeongguk's okay with everything, and certainly not with the way he looks at Jeongguk like he's transfixed. Jeongguk may be inexperienced in some things still but Yoongi never makes him feel bad about it. In fact, he always stays looking at Jeongguk like he's never seen anyone more amazing, and it puts Jeongguk immensely at ease.

Jeongguk tries to steady his own breathing as he reaches down and very tentatively starts to push one finger into himself. He takes his time, giving himself a good few moments to adjust as he presses in further. It's a weird sensation, so tight and hot and restrictive. He's felt it before of course, the one time that he prepped Yoongi, but doing it to someone else was different. It was the same in principle but back then he was focused purely on Yoongi; on how Jeongguk was making him feel, and of how he was going to feel around Jeongguk afterwards. This, though, is all about himself. He feels the sensation on his fingers but inside of himself as well, and it takes a while to get used to.

"Don't rush," Yoongi tells him, running a hand soothingly over Jeongguk's shin.

Jeongguk waits just a bit longer before cautiously starting up a slow back and forth motion. He tries to think about what Yoongi does to him. The way he starts off like this, only beginning to build up the intensity once Jeongguk's properly adjusted. He continues like that for a long time, probably longer than Yoongi ever does with him. It's past being uncomfortable but it's not particularly giving him much pleasure either. He never realised how much of that came from *Yoongi* rather than simply the act itself.

He pulls back slightly in order to add a second finger. Yoongi’s hand keeps rubbing reassuringly along his leg, mouth dipping to dot light

kisses over the same path his hand takes. Jeongguk's fingers don't move as easily this time but it feels a little better, giving him more of that fullness that he craves. He carefully slides almost all the way inside before very gently scissoring. His breathing becomes stuttered, drawing Yoongi's attention from the spot on his thigh.

"How does it feel?" Yoongi asks, eyes fixed on Jeongguk's face. Jeongguk nods.

"Good," he sighs softly.

It's a truthful answer. He's getting more used to it now, how different it feels doing it himself rather than how Yoongi does it, and the feelings of enjoyment are starting to edge out those of awkwardness. He begins to move his fingers a bit more, still not going too fast but it's enough to increase the amount of pleasure it's giving him. Yoongi leans forward, lowering his head to mouth at Jeongguk's stomach, making sure to avoid getting in the way of Jeongguk's arm.

The more Jeongguk moves his fingers the shakier his breathing gets, gasping lightly as Yoongi's teeth bite down gently on him at the same time his fingers drag particularly nicely against his walls. He can tell that Yoongi's getting affected by it too; by the sounds Jeongguk's making, by the knowledge of what's causing them.

Yoongi pulls away to kneel up more, eyes immediately dropping down to where Jeongguk's fingers disappear inside himself. He bites down on his lower lip, eyes blinking slowly as he takes in the scene, before flitting up to catch Jeongguk's gaze. Jeongguk isn't sure how he looks but Yoongi seems to like it a lot, taking in a deep, shuddering breath at the sight. He holds Jeongguk's gaze a while longer until it becomes a bit too intense and they both feel the need to look away. Yoongi's eyes drop back lower.

"Can I-" Yoongi begins, trailing off before managing to finish his sentence.

He reaches out to curl his fingers around Jeongguk's wrist, tugging gently so that Jeongguk's fingers slide out of himself just the smallest amount. He twists Jeongguk's hand around carefully and Jeongguk's entranced by the way Yoongi looks down, so full of focus. Yoongi's other hand rests on his Jeongguk's thigh, pads of his fingers pressing lightly into the muscle.

"Curl your fingers up," Yoongi tells him softly.

Jeongguk does just that, soon realising what Yoongi's getting him to do. Yoongi guides his fingers out just the tiniest amount again. Yoongi's own fingertips caress Jeongguk's wrist before trailing along his forearm. Jeongguk tries crooking his fingers slightly again, not really reaching anything but feeling good all the same.

"A little lower, baby," Yoongi whispers and Jeongguk does so.

He curls his fingers, pressing along his wall before finally brushing against the spot Yoongi's got him searching for. A cracked moan escapes his throat, hips jerking a little as the pleasure increases in intensity, sudden and overwhelming. He seeks it out again, fingers soon locating the same spot. Jeongguk's eyes fall closed, head tipping back as another moan falls from his lips.

"Fuck, Kook."

Yoongi's voice drags him back into the present, Jeongguk's eyes opening hazily as he keeps working himself with his fingers. The way Yoongi looks at him is so full of need, of want, and it sets every nerve in Jeongguk's body alight. Yoongi's still got one hand on Jeongguk's thigh and the younger can feel the way his fingertips dig in more firmly now. Yoongi's other hand has wrapped around his own cock once again, stroking himself as he watches Jeongguk. Shit, it's all kinds of hot and Jeongguk's feeling dizzy from it.

"Yoongi," Jeongguk groans.

He's not really sure where he's going with the sentence and just lets it trail off but it doesn't seem to matter. Yoongi lets out a low whimper at the sound of his name, fingers pressing harder into Jeongguk's thigh. It's not enough to hurt but enough to let Jeongguk know how much it's affecting him. Jeongguk feels good, so fucking good, but he wants more. He pauses a moment, adjusting himself to allow for a third finger to be added.

He lets out a moan from the new sensation, perhaps a touch louder than he should have, and the look of caution in Yoongi's gaze confirms that he definitely needs to be quieter. Yoongi doesn't say anything however, just swallows thickly as his hand speeds up. Jeongguk knows how much he likes to hear Jeongguk, even if they're never really able to properly indulge themselves. Jeongguk imagines how good it would be to have their own place one day, to be able to be as loud as they like, but quickly cuts off that train of thought. Now is really not the time to be thinking *that* far in the future. If that's even

in their future at all.

Jeongguk quickly brings his thoughts back to the moment right now, focusing on how his fingers feel inside of him, how incredible Yoongi looks touching himself in front of Jeongguk. There's a lot of images of Yoongi that Jeongguk finds difficult to forget, and he knows that this will definitely be one of them. It takes a little while to get used to the stretch but once he does Jeongguk moves his hand faster, letting the feelings wash over him. He can't hit his prostate as easily but it doesn't even matter; if he's honest it's this new level of intimacy, of closeness with Yoongi that's turning him on more than anything. That they both feel comfortable enough to do this, that they can both enjoy the sight of each other in this way.

"God, you look amazing," Yoongi tells him, words panted out as he tries to keep his breathing under control.

Yoongi's hand moves quicker on himself, Jeongguk unable to look away from how his hand glides so smoothly, cock glistening with precome. Knowing that it's because of him, god, it just drives Jeongguk crazy. Jeongguk's fingers graze against that spot again, his back arching slightly off the bed, and he just needs more. Needs Yoongi.

"Yoongi, please," Jeongguk murmurs, not caring about how desperate his voice sounds right now.

"What do you want?" Yoongi asks, looking ready to give Jeongguk anything that he'd ask for, and the sight isn't really helping Jeongguk to calm down. "Tell me."

"Fuck me," Jeongguk breathes out, not even trying to disguise the need in his request. It's been way, way too long. "Please."

"Shit, yes, yes, of course," Yoongi mumbles.

He looks utterly flustered and he fumbles with the bottle as he grabs it to coat himself. Jeongguk's in awe of how turned on Yoongi looks right now and he's certain that he doesn't look much different. He's pretty sure that neither of them are going to last particularly long but he just has to feel Yoongi.

Jeongguk's fingers leave himself as Yoongi climbs over him. He dips his head, claiming Jeongguk's mouth in a heated and messy kiss, too much tongue and too much teeth but it's unavoidable with how much want there is in it. He feels Yoongi bend one of his legs back,

Jeongguk instinctively hooking his other one around Yoongi's waist.

He feels the blunt press of Yoongi against him before he's finally pushing inside. Jeongguk's head falls back against the pillow as Yoongi inches into him. His fingers were good but it's *so* much better to feel Yoongi like this. Yoongi's lips drag across his throat as Jeongguk moans, unable to control the volume once again. Shit, he really hopes the other members aren't around.

"Jesus, Kook," Yoongi groans against him when he finally is buried all the way inside.

Jeongguk reaches his clean hand around Yoongi's back, clinging onto him just by his shoulder blade. His other one rests by the pillow, Yoongi's hand pressing down on his wrist. The last few times they've done this it's been slow and sensual. This time however there's far too much need coursing through both of them. Yoongi's hips pull back before sliding hard back into Jeongguk, soon setting up a faster pace than usual.

Yoongi's mouth finds the side of Jeongguk's neck, kissing clumsily along the skin there. His breathing is loud and erratic, and Jeongguk's mirrors it perfectly. Jeongguk's fingers grip tightly on his back as Yoongi fucks him, deep and hard and fast, and Jeongguk's whole body buzzes with pleasure.

"You feel so good Kook, so good," Yoongi murmurs into his neck before pulling back and kissing him once again. It's too difficult to keep the kiss going so they're content to just keep their mouths lightly pressed together, drinking in the panted breaths from each other.

Yoongi's hand slips down underneath Jeongguk's ass, tilting him slightly to make his thrusts a little easier. The new angle sends waves of pleasure soaring through Jeongguk, Yoongi hitting that spot inside him with every hard roll of his hips. Jeongguk's lips leave Yoongi's, head lolling to the side as he momentarily gets lost in the sensation.

"Oh god, right there, right there," Jeongguk groans, and he knows for sure that he was much too loud but he can't find it in himself to care right now. Not when Yoongi's fucking him like this, making him feel so incredible.

He hears the low whine that escapes Yoongi at his words and he does exactly as requested. His hand holds Jeongguk firmly in place as he keeps sliding into him, angling himself to where Jeongguk needs him most, and Jeongguk can barely remember to hold onto him. He can

feel that pressure gathering rapidly deep inside of him, release hovering so nearby.

“Baby, I’m so close,” Yoongi sighs against him, a hint of apology in his voice as though he feels it’s too soon. Jeongguk worries for a moment that he’s going to slow down or hold back a little to try to prolong things but he seems to sense that Jeongguk needs him like this for as long as he can.

“Keep going, “ Jeongguk murmurs. “*Fuck*, Yoongi, like that.”

He feels the rumble of Yoongi’s groan against his neck before suddenly Yoongi’s lips are crashing into his again, swallowing up the moans that Jeongguk can’t quite manage to hold back. He’s so close, the pressure building relentlessly inside of him. He drops his hand down from Yoongi’s back, wrapping around his cock, and starting to move in time with Yoongi’s thrusts. It’s too much; it’s way too much.

“Shit, I’m gonna come,” Jeongguk manages to pant out before the pressure snaps and the most incredible rush of pleasure surges through him.

Yoongi makes a sharp noise, caught somewhere between a gasp and a moan as Jeongguk clenches around him, Jeongguk’s whole body tensing as his orgasm wracks him. Yoongi’s breathing gets heavier, louder, until it finally breaks. Yoongi thrusts into him hard one more time, a deep groan wrenched from his throat as he comes deep inside of Jeongguk.

Yoongi only manages to hold his body up for a few more seconds before collapsing down on top of Jeongguk. Jeongguk just lays limply beneath him for a while, trying to recover his breathing and refocus himself before eventually lifting his arms to wrap around the elder. He closes his eyes, taking in the rise and fall of Yoongi’s chest as he gradually returns to something like normal.

Yoongi shifts a little on him, moving himself so that he’s a bit more to the side and not crushing Jeongguk. Not that he really could, Jeongguk thinks, but he doesn’t mention it. Yoongi’s face nuzzles into the crook of Jeongguk’s neck and Jeongguk’s arms tighten around him.

“Fuck,” is all Yoongi says after a while and it makes Jeongguk laugh.

“Yeah,” he agrees.

Yoongi lifts his head up and grins at Jeongguk, who grins right back. Yoongi's hand lifts to cup Jeongguk's jaw before leaning in and pressing their lips together. The kiss is soft, sweet, the opposite of their intense, passionate kisses from earlier but equally as amazing to Jeongguk.

"I'm glad you came back early," Jeongguk tells him, words breathed against his lips.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Yoongi replies, before kissing him once more.

It's a long time before they have the inclination to get up and head downstairs. By a certain point however they can't ignore the loud rumbling of their stomachs, no matter how much they might be enjoying laying in bed together, whiling away their time with slow, drawn out kisses and lazy conversation.

None of the members seem to be around so they take the opportunity to shower together. It's strangely peaceful and Jeongguk doesn't want to leave their spot from under the relaxing spray once it's time to get out. He feels like he could spend the rest of the day in here, letting Yoongi press him up against the cool tiles as they thoroughly explore each other's mouths, fingers ghosting over wet, warm skin as they kiss until their lips tingle from overuse.

It's well past lunchtime when they wander into the kitchen but it's surprisingly busy in there. Taehyung and Seokjin still aren't back yet, but Namjoon, Hoseok and Jimin are all sat around the table, animatedly discussing something. Jeongguk doesn't hear what it is, far too preoccupied with the way that Yoongi's hand doesn't leave the small of his back on the entire walk from their bedrooms. He does, however, notice the way that it seems to fall silent as they enter the kitchen.

"Everything okay?" Yoongi asks, arching an eyebrow suspiciously.

Namjoon and Hoseok look kind of flustered but Jimin's just leaning back in his chair, arms folded and a huge smirk on his face. He still doesn't look entirely back to normal after feeling unwell; he has dark circles under his eyes and his nose is red from wiping it so often, but it does nothing to reduce the look of glee that flickers across his features.

"Of course, hyung," Jimin answers, far too happily for Jeongguk's liking.

Yoongi continues to eye him warily but doesn't say anything more, heading over to the cupboards to search for something to eat. Jeongguk follows him, peering at the contents before being lazy and deciding on noodles. Yoongi passes him the packet and finds a saucepan, filling it with water and placing it on the stove.

"Had a good day so far?" Jimin asks cheerily.

"Jimin," Namjoon says, a note of warning in his voice.

"Um, yeah, I guess so," Jeongguk shrugs, opening the packet of noodles and placing it on the counter.

"I see," Jimin says airily, tapping his fingers on the table. "It certainly *sounded* like you were having a very good morning."

Jeongguk instantly feels heat burning in his cheeks as he realises what Jimin's hinting at. Shit, he knew he'd gotten a bit louder than usual before but he didn't realise that the others had heard them. Jimin just grins deviously at him, and Namjoon and Hoseok look like they'd love nothing more than for Jimin to stop talking.

"I thought we weren't going to mention it," Namjoon sighs.

"I never agreed to that," Jimin tells him happily and Namjoon rubs a palm over his face in exasperation.

"Well," Jeongguk says confidently, trying not to let on how much embarrassment Jimin's comment has caused him. How he sounds in bed is something he'd rather only Yoongi got to experience. Even though Jimin may have heard him before, the thought of Namjoon and Hoseok doing so is a tiny bit mortifying. "Maybe you shouldn't be listening in on people."

"Pretty hard not to," Jimin snorts. "These walls aren't soundproof you know, as much as we may have wished they were."

"Shut up," is the only retort that Jeongguk can manage and he starts to become incredibly interested in reading the instructions on the packet of noodles.

Yoongi doesn't say anything, apparently trying to avert his gaze to the saucepan of water to hide his own embarrassment. He hears Jimin laugh from the table but he thankfully says no more. There's an awkward silence that settles over the room and Jeongguk has the horrible feeling that they are all reliving the memory of this morning.

“It’s weird,” Hoseok says ponderously after a long time has dragged on. “I had always figured it would be the other way round.”

“Huh?” Jeongguk asks, head swivelling round to look at the three of them at the table.

“You know,” Hoseok blushes, suddenly realising what he’s said. “You two. Like that. I thought that it would be you as top.”

“What the fuck?” Jeongguk exclaims, voice reaching a terrifyingly high pitch and his cheeks now akin to being on fire. Namjoon’s phone that he’s been so avidly staring at clatters to the table top and Jimin chokes on a fresh burst of laughter.

“Well, no one was saying anything,” Hoseok explains weakly. "I thought I should comment on something."

“And that’s what you choose to comment on?” Namjoon asks incredulously. “Why are you even thinking about that?”

“I don’t *mean* to,” Hoseok protests, and Jimin’s face has gone red from his barely controlled hysterics. “It’s just, you know, you can't help but wonder these things sometimes.”

“What!” Namjoon replies. “I’ve never wondered about it.”

“Oh,” Hoseok says awkwardly, before trying to explain himself. “Like, I’m not thinking about it in a sexy way, just you know, curiosity-“

“Oh my god, please stop,” Namjoon groans. Jeongguk feels a little like he’d be perfectly happy to sink into the ground and never return right now.

“So why did you picture it the other way round, hyung?” Jimin asks mischievously, sounding so happy, and Jeongguk kind of gets the urge to punch him firmly on the arm for keeping this conversation going.

“I don’t know,” Hoseok stutters. “I guess Yoongi’s little compared to Kook so I figured-“

“Excuse me?”

Yoongi’s suddenly joined the conversation, turning around to face the room and fixing his stare on Hoseok, eyes narrowed. Jeongguk swears

that he sees Hoseok actually gulp.

“Well, I don’t mean little, I, um-“

“You *are* kind of little, hyung,” Jimin grins, stirring things up and looking for all the world like this is the best thing that’s ever happened to him.

“I’m the same height as you, you brat,” Yoongi glares, eyes now fixed on Jimin but he seems worryingly immune.

“Can we please stop having this conversation?” Namjoon asks eagerly. “I really do not need to think about these things.”

“Yes, yes, of course,” Hoseok rambles. “Clearly you are both very happy with how you do things, I was just commenting-“

“Yes, clearly very happy,” Jimin echoes, smirking, and Jeongguk’s surprised he’s being quite so provocative when Yoongi’s got quick access to a pan of boiling water.

“Anyway,” Namjoon says loudly, signalling an end to the discussion. “Can we please all just pretend that this conversation never happened? There are way too many images that I cannot unsee now.”

They all nod in agreement apart from Jimin, who sighs but still looks exceedingly happy with himself. Yoongi returns to looking down at the water and Jeongguk focuses all his attention on putting the ramen into the pan.

Once he’s calmed down however the competitive streak comes out in Jeongguk and he’s not content to let Jimin have got away with embarrassing him. He waits until enough time has passed that the conversation is almost forgotten before he slides an arm around Yoongi’s waist and brings his mouth to his ear.

“Don’t worry, hyung, you’re big where it matters.”

He acts as though his words are intended only for Yoongi but he makes sure to speak loud enough so that the others can hear him. Hoseok splutters in shock and Namjoon groans miserably.

“Someone please kill me now,” Namjoon requests.

Jeongguk glances out of the corner of his eye at Yoongi. He says

nothing but Jeongguk can see the way his lips press together, holding back a grin from getting their revenge. His eyes sparkle humorously as they meet Jeongguk's and not for the first time today does Jeongguk appreciate just how fucking lucky he is.

*

"Jimin-"

"Hyung, he really needs to rest," Taehyung sighs, cutting off Yoongi's sentence and trying to shoo him and Jeongguk out of their bedroom.

"Jesus, I was just gonna ask him where he wants me to put his bag," Yoongi mutters. He'd carried Jimin's bag for him after practice and Taehyung snapping at Yoongi for the act clearly doesn't go down well.

"Oh right. Sorry," Taehyung blushes.

"Just by my closet please," Jimin says softly before flopping onto his bed. "Thank you."

"How are you feeling?" Jeongguk asks awkwardly.

"I'm fine honestly, I keep telling you all."

He bats away Taehyung's hand that fusses at his hoodie and tries to give them all his most upbeat smile. It doesn't quite work given that he looks absolutely exhausted. He had seemed to be feeling better after his cold but their first full dress rehearsal today appears to have taken its toll.

It had been something of a fraught rehearsal given that Taehyung kept making everyone stop for breaks when Jimin looked tired despite the fact that the purpose of today was to do the whole performance as though for real. Nerves were a little frayed, especially when Seokjin messed up on some parts and seemed to go into a negative spiral after that. Jeongguk's rather glad to be home to be honest.

Taehyung gives Jimin an anxious look, one Jeongguk's sure is mirrored on his own face. He tries not to press too much. If Jimin says he's okay then Jeongguk wants to trust him but he also knows how much Jimin will push himself for the sake of the group. He doesn't want him to make himself worse.

Taehyung seems to decide not to start an argument so allows Jimin to have the last word. He settles instead for stroking his hand soothingly

through Jimin's hair. Jimin's eyes close as he lets him. There are a few moments that pass before Jeongguk feels Yoongi's fingers clasp around his wrist, tugging him gently in the direction of the door.

"Hey, here's something that will cheer you up," Taehyung begins to say to Jimin, just as Jeongguk and Yoongi reach the doorway. "Did you know that Kook's brother thought that I was his boyfriend?"

"You told him?" Yoongi sighs miserably to the side of Jeongguk.

Jeongguk is starting to regret his decision. He just thought it would make Taehyung laugh, maybe lighten him up a little during the stressful day that they experienced. He turns round to face the pair of them on the bed.

"Um, care to explain?" Jimin asks, frowning over at Jeongguk as he sits up. He seems to wince a little as he does so, rubbing absently at his neck.

"I told Junghyun a while ago that I was seeing one of the members," Jeongguk sighs. "When I eventually told him it was Yoongi he happened to mention that *he* thought it would have been Tae."

"And that's meant to cheer me up?" Jimin questions, arching an eyebrow. There's a gentle smile on his lips though.

"I just thought it was funny," Taehyung shrugs. He grins and wiggles his eyebrows comically. "I mean, clearly I'm way out of his league."

"Yeah, in your dreams," Jeongguk snorts, his retort not quite as eloquent as he might have hoped for. He sees Jimin roll his eyes and Taehyung just laughs.

"Right, *anyway*," Yoongi huffs. "We'll let you get some rest."

"Ah, don't be jealous, hyung," Taehyung winks at him. It looks as though Taehyung's about to say something more, but then he catches sight of Jimin rubbing at his neck again and pauses briefly. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, fine," Jimin assures him. "Just got a weird twinge in my shoulder but it'll be-"

"Do you need a massage?" Taehyung asks, hand lifting up to rub over the spot for Jimin.

"Okay, we're definitely going," Yoongi tells them before adding warningly. "Get some rest."

"Sure," Taehyung smiles, though his hand doesn't drop.

Yoongi tugs Jeongguk out of the room, closing the door behind them. They both hover a little awkwardly in the corridor. It's a full house so there's no chance of sharing a bed tonight. Normally one of them might suggest to watch a movie downstairs, a thinly veiled excuse to spend some time wrapped up in each other on the couch, but right now Jeongguk feels absolutely shattered. Yoongi's heavy eyes and sluggish demeanour suggest that he's feeling the same too.

"I think I'm gonna shower then head to bed," Jeongguk says and Yoongi nods in agreement.

They both hover a while longer before laughing lightly. It's still always a strange sensation, to be as close as they are and yet say goodnight most evenings and retreat to separate rooms. Jeongguk leans in to kiss him goodnight but once their lips meet Yoongi's palm presses gently against Jeongguk's chest, backing him up into the wall. The kiss is slow and so soft, but it doesn't stop their tongues from rolling lightly together within the heat of their mouths. Jeongguk's hands fall naturally to rest on Yoongi's waist, Yoongi's own hands holding onto the younger's shoulders.

"Maybe I should give *you* a massage one day," Jeongguk suggests, his hands skimming over Yoongi's sides beneath the material of his t shirt.

He's never really considered it before, but suddenly the thought of taking his time to run his hands over Yoongi with the sole purpose of making him good seems rather tempting. And if it might possibly descend into anything more sexual then, well, that's not his fault.

"No thank you," Yoongi tells him breezily, kissing him again once more before looking up at him, eyes shining happily.

"What, why?" Jeongguk complains. "I bet I'd be great at it."

"I don't trust you," Yoongi grins. "You'd probably end up tickling me or doing something similarly awful. I'd feel on edge the whole time." Jeongguk laughs lowly, pinching Yoongi's sides a little and enjoying the sharp gasp that it produces. "See, this is exactly what I mean."

Jeongguk laughs again, leaning down and drawing Yoongi back into another kiss, deep but delicate. He lets it continue for a long time before eventually pulling back slightly to speak. "What if I promise to be good?"

"It's all talk," Yoongi tells him, mouth curving up into a teasing smile.

"No, no, I can do it," Jeongguk promises him. "And you can give me one too. We can see who's the best."

"Why must you turn everything into a contest?" Yoongi sighs.

"Fine, we don't have to. Not if you're scared you'll lose."

Jeongguk cocks an eyebrow playfully, a teasing smirk on his lips. He watches Yoongi mull it over before he can physically see the moment that Yoongi relents and gives in.

"Be prepared to lose."

Jeongguk grins wide and pulls him back in for one last kiss.

*

Jeongguk sighs, staring up at the ceiling. It's far too early to be awake, especially when their opening show is tonight. He really needs to be getting in more rest but it's proving impossible. It's always like this before the first night; as much as Jeongguk may come across as confident, the worry builds up in him too, gathering to a point where he can't ignore it anymore. What if he messes up the choreography; what if he forgets the lyrics; what if the fans don't like the performance? He gets dreams, far too vivid, about making mistakes, of things going horribly wrong.

He sighs and turns over onto his side. Namjoon's snores rumble through the darkness, a noise that he can normally block out but right now sounds way too loud, and he might as well accept that sleep is not going to happen. Jeongguk looks over at the clock to see that it's still only 5:45am. He picks up his phone and aimlessly scrolls through some of his social media stuff but none of it really sinks in. He bites down on his lip, opening up his messages with Yoongi. It's a long shot but he goes for it anyway.

**Jeongguk:**

*are you awake?*

A good thirty seconds pass with no response and Jeongguk places his phone back down on the bedside cabinet. Hopefully Yoongi's managed to rest up better than he has. He's about to search out his headphones so that he can listen to some music but then his phone buzzes and he unlocks it eagerly.

**Yoongi:**

*yes*

*but you shouldn't be*

*get some sleep*

**Jeongguk:**

*can't*

*keep waking up*

**Yoongi:**

*I see*

*come in here if you want?*

*Seokjin's already up*

Jeongguk doesn't need asking twice. He has no idea why Seokjin is up at this horrendous hour of the morning but he seizes the opportunity to spend some time alone with Yoongi. It's going to be hard to find over the coming months. He gets out of bed, stretching out his limbs as he does so. They feel a little fatigued from all the rehearsals lately but he knows it's a necessity to build up their stamina for the shows. He pads over to the door, opening then closing it as quietly as possible before heading into Yoongi's room.

It's still dark in his bedroom aside from the glow of the phone that lights up Yoongi's features. He smiles over, sleepy and soft, as Jeongguk shuts the door behind him and steps towards the bed, climbing in under the covers that are pulled back for him. He immediately settles in against Yoongi's side as the elder lays on his back, nestling his head into the crook of Yoongi's neck. He slings an arm over Yoongi's chest and sighs contently. He already feels so much more peaceful. Yoongi's body is warm against him, the slow rise and fall of his chest rhythmic and soothing. Jeongguk inhales deeply,

reassured by the familiar, comforting scent of Yoongi. He feels one arm slide around him, holding him closer, while Yoongi's other hand gently plays with the strands of his hair.

"Why is Seokjin-hyung up so early?" Jeongguk asks, question murmured into Yoongi's skin.

"He keeps getting worked up about the show tonight," Yoongi tells him. "He said he couldn't sleep so went to make breakfast to try to take his mind off things."

"Ah, okay," Jeongguk replies. He knows that Seokjin has been stressing a lot over this first performance. Jeongguk hopes that the anxiety isn't upsetting him too much.

"Why are you up so early anyway?" Yoongi mumbles, words pressed into Jeongguk's hair. His voice sounds slow and tired, and Jeongguk wonders if he was quite as awake as his text implied.

"Can't sleep," Jeongguk shrugs.

"How comes?"

"I kept having really vivid dreams."

"Oh really?"

Yoongi's voice is still sleepy but there's an edge of playfulness in there. His hand momentarily drops lower to grab teasingly at Jeongguk's ass. It makes Jeongguk smile.

"Not *those* kind of dreams," he chides and he can feel a very slight shake of laughter in Yoongi's chest. "Like, about stuff going wrong. The show not being good enough."

Yoongi sighs quietly and lifts his arm back up to wrap around Jeongguk's side once more, pulling him in tighter. "Yeah, those nightmares are-"

"They're not *nightmares*," Jeongguk interrupts.

"Fine, whatever," Yoongi huffs, and Jeongguk doesn't need to see him to know that Yoongi's rolling his eyes right now. "But what I was going to say is, those kind of dreams are shit but you know, in a way they're good. They mean that you care about what you do. If you weren't having these kind of worries before a show, *then* I'd be

concerned. It would mean you've lost your passion."

Jeongguk makes a low noise of agreement. "If my passion could just let me get more than thirty minutes of sleep at a time, that would be great though."

Yoongi laughs softly and squeezes Jeongguk a bit tighter. Jeongguk shifts a little closer in return, leg hooking further over Yoongi's.

"Well, you can't have everything," Yoongi tells him. Another kiss gets planted into his hair. "You'll be great though. You always are."

He knows they're just general platitudes. There's no way that Yoongi can predict whether the show will go well or not, but still, to hear his confidence in Jeongguk still gives the younger a small boost. He closes his eyes, settling back in against Yoongi. A while passes before he speaks.

"Do you get dreams like that too?" Jeongguk asks curiously. He had assumed that Seokjin had woken Yoongi up earlier, but maybe there was more to it. He hears the way that Yoongi lightly wets his lips before answering.

"Maybe."

Jeongguk smiles to himself. He shouldn't want for Yoongi to be plagued with doubts and worries before a show, but something about Namjoon sleeping so soundly all night had irked him. As though he was being singled out for all the anxiety. It's nice to know that he's not alone, even if he does feel bad that Yoongi has to suffer too.

"You'll be great too you know," Jeongguk tells him honestly. Yoongi always performs amazingly on stage in his opinion.

"I know."

Jeongguk gives him a firm whack on his side for his cockiness but it just makes Yoongi laugh in response. He runs his fingers along Jeongguk's arm, rubbing tenderly over his forearm before ghosting over his bicep. Jeongguk makes sure to flex it as Yoongi's fingers travel over the muscle, earning himself his own whack from Yoongi. He grins and presses his lips briefly to Yoongi's neck.

"You know, I might have had one of *those* dreams too last night," Jeongguk says casually.

"Yeah?" Yoongi asks softly, voice clearly piqued in interest. His hand drifts down from Jeongguk's arm to rub lightly at his side through the material of his t shirt.

"Yeah," Jeongguk echoes. "It didn't have a great ending though."

"I see," Yoongi says solemnly. "What happened?"

"Well, we were backstage waiting to go on. And to pass the time you suggested that I could, you know, give you a blowjob," Jeongguk begins.

"Dream-me sounds like he has some good ideas," Yoongi comments, and Jeongguk can hear the smirk in his voice. Jeongguk pinches his ribs and Yoongi squirms huffily.

"So anyway, it's all going well. We're both having a good time. But then we get the call to go on stage and my hair's kind of got caught on your jeans somehow-"

"Oh shit," Yoongi chuckles.

"And then everyone's coming over, yelling at us and telling us to hurry up. But the more I try to move the more my hair gets stuck and we miss our cue. Namjoon's all like, disappointed and saying that we've let everyone down, and then you start telling everyone that the blowjob was my suggestion so that I get all the blame for ruining the show."

"Wow, dream-me's turned into a bit of dick," Yoongi says, the smile in his voice coming through clearly.

"Yeah, definitely," Jeongguk agrees. "And I can't remember everything that happened 'cause it's all a bit blurry but basically we were stuck like that for ages and the show got cancelled. And I *think* that we had to promise to go on the national news that evening to apologise."

Yoongi's body is shaking with obvious laughter now and Jeongguk's laughing too. The dream had woken him up in a mild panic earlier but now that he recounts it he realises just quite how ridiculous it was.

"Wow, okay," Yoongi laughs. "Did no one ever suggest that I just take off the jeans? Problem solved."

"That would be far too rational," Jeongguk grins.

He pulls away from his spot against Yoongi's neck, tilting his head to look up at the elder in the fading darkness. Yoongi's smiling down at him and he can't resist leaning up to bring their lips together. It's a short, soft kiss but it's enough. He smiles back at Yoongi briefly before nuzzling into the comfortable spot in the crook of his neck once more.

"Well, I certainly hope that not all of your sexy dreams are that distressing," Yoongi says.

"Thankfully not," Jeongguk tells him, curling back into his body again.

Yoongi's arm stays wrapped around him, keeping Jeongguk close as his fingers pick up their lazy glide through Jeongguk's hair. It's immensely relaxing. He feels Yoongi's steady breathing against his hair, fluttering some of the strands on each slow exhale. He feels so incredibly comfortable and when Yoongi next talks his voice has gone back to that low, rumbling tone that indicates that he's feeling relaxed too.

"I'm sorry that dream-me was such an asshole."

"I forgive you."

Jeongguk doesn't know much more after that, closing his eyes and letting the smooth stroke of Yoongi's fingers in his hair lull him into sleep.

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The room backstage is buzzing with activity. Jeongguk sits on a couch, fully dressed up in their first stage outfit but awaiting his turn in one of the make up chairs. There's a cacophony of noise from the stylists fussing over outfits, members warming up their voices, and the stage manager getting in a flap because a piece of equipment isn't where he expects it to be on the stage. Jeongguk pops in his headphones, trying to zone out all of the commotion as it's making him feel slightly on edge. His phone buzzes in his pocket and he takes it out.

**Junghyun:**

*sorry I can't be there tonight*

*mom and dad are so excited though*

*sure you will kill it as always*

**Jeongguk**:

*thanks hyung*

*sorry you can't be here*

*lets meet up once all this craziness is over*

**Junghyun:**

*yes please*

*and bring Yoongi*

*I need to give him the big brother chat*

**Jeongguk:**

*oh god*

*please don't*

**Junghyun**:

*gotta make sure he knows that he better treat you right*

*he needs the talk*

**Jeongguk:**

*no he does not*

*you are never seeing him if you're gonna be embarrassing*

**Junghyun:**

*what else are big brothers for?*

Jeongguk smiles despite himself. As potentially awkward as it might be, he does kind of want Yoongi to meet Junghyun not just as a friend, but as his boyfriend. He's wanted it ever since he admitted to Junghyun about Yoongi. It's amazing to have the acknowledgement and support of the other members, but his family mean a lot to him and so does Yoongi and- well, it just would make him happy for them to meet, even if it's only his brother for the time being. He thinks about his parents being here tonight and whether he should tell them. It makes his stomach swirl nervously but also gives him a slightly

giddy feeling. He decides to see what happens later; he doesn't really need any more nerves to be coursing through him right now.

Jeongguk's gaze travels around the room to try and distract himself from the excitement starting to bubble up inside of him. He still can't believe that they have sold out this arena again. That they've sold out arenas around the world in a matter of minutes. That people enjoy their music so much that they want to see them perform; want to cheer for them, support them. It's still mind blowing to him, especially when he remembers back to when they first debuted. He remembers being that shy, awkward kid with no real friends but a burning desire to live out his passion for music. He looks at the other members. He cherishes even now their love and support that has helped him grow into the person that he is today. He can't imagine having spent the last few years of his life with anyone else.

He thinks about how much has changed in this year alone. Not only in terms of the success they have achieved and the recognition that they now receive, entering this year as winners of the top awards and an acclaimed album. But for them personally too. His gaze drifts over to where Taehyung stands in front of Jimin, trying to make him laugh with something on his phone while the make up noona tries patiently to work around the way Jimin's face creases up into a smile. They don't give away many details about their relationship - or maybe it's just that Jeongguk chooses not to pry - but it's clear that there's a deep level of affection between them. Jeongguk would be willing to bet that it's crossed over into love by now.

It was only earlier this year that Jeongguk first stumbled across them that Sunday morning, completely inexperienced not just sexually but in terms of anything romantic too. It seems utterly bizarre to him to imagine doing anything with either Taehyung or Jimin now. As weird as it may have become to think of, it doesn't mean that Jeongguk's not grateful for the experiences that they gave him. That they accepted him despite his total cluelessness and didn't make him feel bad for it, but instead did their upmost to make him included. Yes, it may be strange to think on but it meant a lot to him. Though looking at the pair now, he's really not sure how he didn't see before just how perfect for each other the two of them are.

His gaze eventually falls on Yoongi. He's sitting in the other make up chair, eyes closed as a subtle eyeshadow is dusted over his eyelids. He looks in the mirror when he opens them and manages to catch Jeongguk staring right at him. He gives small, flustered smile and raises his hand in an embarrassed little wave that manages to make

Jeongguk's chest feel like it's about to burst. When this year started, the idea of being in a relationship seemed like a far off dream, something he'd have to try to figure out whenever his idol life was over. He never expected to end up with a boyfriend that he's completely crazy about, and who he is so ridiculously in love with that it almost hurts sometimes. But he's found it in Yoongi and it's brought a new layer of happiness that's now deeply ingrained into his life, something that he didn't even know he was missing but now couldn't contemplate living without.

Jeongguk's phone buzzes again and he looks down, kind of glad to be brought out of his reverie. He's almost starting to get a bit emotional thinking back over this year so far and it is definitely not the sort of mindset he needs to be getting in right now. He unlocks the screen.

**Yoongi:**

*stop staring you creep*

Jeongguk grins and looks up to where Yoongi's grinning at him in the mirror, phone in hand.

**Jeongguk:**

*can't help it*

He watches Yoongi read the message before blowing Yoongi an exaggerated kiss and receiving a huge eye roll in response. It simply makes him grin wider.

The bustle in the room seems to increase steadily while Jeongguk gets his own make up done and then before he knows it they're all being guided towards their spot beneath the stage. They line up in order, ready for the cue that means that the platform will start to rise up. They've not even appeared and yet the roar of the crowd above them is intense, screams and chants echoing around the arena. Jeongguk suddenly feels overcome with nerves, that last rush of butterflies that always appears just before they start. He takes deep, slow breaths, trying to calm himself as much as possible.

Then the moment happens, the one that always ramps up the feverish excitement one last notch. The lights go down and the screams of the crowd intensify rapidly, almost deafening in their loudness. Their intro music begins, reverberating through Jeongguk's chest, and he gets that familiar feeling like he could possibly pass out from the mixture of eagerness to just get on stage and start performing, and the

nerves that make him want to run away and hide until it's over. It's always that choice of what to go with and, as ever, the first one wins out.

He turns his head to the side where Yoongi stands and even in the darkness he can just about make out the look of encouragement that is sent his way. He feels fingers lacing with his own, Yoongi's hand trembling ever so slightly. Jeongguk squeezes hard. It may have been a year of incredible firsts for him, but the thing that really gets Jeongguk's heart racing is knowing that they are still just at the start. That he may have had his first sexual experience but there will be - and has already been - many more. That he may have gone on his first date, but that it won't be the only one. And that although Yoongi may be his first love, he knows that the feelings he has will continue to grow and intensify. They have already experienced many wonderful months together yet, Jeongguk hopes, they will have many years ahead of them still to look forward to.

The platform starts to raise and their hands break apart but Jeongguk knows that Yoongi is still there by his side. That he will be for a long time to come because, really, this is only the beginning. The crowd gets louder and louder and then suddenly there are thousands of people in front of him, the arena full of screams and flashing lights and an endless sea of faces. It's almost too much to be the focus of all that adoration, all that attention. Jeongguk feels so happy, so excited, like he's exactly where he's wanted to be his whole life, and it verges on overwhelming. He looks to the side and amongst it all, in the midst of all this craziness, he sees Yoongi smiling at him, so soft and happy, the way he does when it's just the two of them, and it soothes Jeongguk just enough. He smiles back.

The chord of the first song blares out through the speakers. The show begins.

End Notes

Ahh, so I hope you liked this latest Sugakookie update (thanks tinybbel for putting the smut scene in my head lol). I truly appreciated all your comments on the last vmin-focused part. I know that vmin is not everyone's fave ship so it really means a lot to know that you enjoy reading their updates so much too :)

And now, announcement time (dundundunnn). So I must confess, the next update will be the last update in this series. BUT never fear, because I plan on carrying straight on with a new series still based in this universe (addicted? me? never XD). Basically I have loved writing the development of their relationship so far but I feel like they are both at a point now where they're fairly settled. Yet there are a lot more ideas I want to explore. Of course there are smutty ones (kitchen sex still needs to happen, the sexy photo taking session mentioned on the call etc). What I'm really keen to go into more however are some bigger moments - confessing to family, birthdays/anniversaries, meeting the parents etc. To try and fit this into this current series I feel would make everything feel a bit rushed and forced, hence I thought a follow up series would be a better idea.

The final part of THIS series will be in the form of a flashforward. I know that those aren't always everyone's cup of tea, so apologies if so, but when I started this series I always pictured it wrapping up a certain way and I'd like to stick to that. Basically the follow up series will then jump around their timeline between this part (Begin) and the last part which I hope to post in the next week or two :)

So don't worry, you'll still be getting updates from this 'verse (although you may be sick of me by now in which case - sorry!)

ANYWAYS long ramble over! I really hope that you enjoyed this part and as always, your comments are truly appreciated <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!